

Sept. 15.

Sept. 16

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Large salt haddock, Georges cod, large \$3.75, medium \$3.25; Dory handline salt cod, large, \$3.25; medium, \$3.  
 Eastern drift salt cod, large \$3.37½ per cwt., medium \$3.  
 Trawl bank cod, large, \$3 per cwt.; medium, \$2.75; snappers, \$1.50.  
 Salt cusk, large, \$2.50 per cwt.; medium, \$2; snappers, \$1.  
 Salt pollock, \$1 per cwt.; salt haddock, \$1; salt hake, \$1.  
 Splitting prices for fresh fish, Western cod, large, \$2 per cwt.; medium do., \$1.65; Eastern cod, large, \$1.70; medium cod, \$1.50; cusk, \$1.65 for large, \$1.20 for medium, and 50c for snappers; haddock, 65 cts.; hake, 70 cts.; pollock, 60 cts.

#### Fishing Fleet Movements.

Sch. Lucinda I. Lowell with 220,000 pounds of salt cod, was at Canso, N. S., Saturday.  
 Schs. Thalia and Jubilee with 10,000 pounds each of salt cod, were at Louisburg, C. B., on Saturday.

Sept. 16.

## MORE MACKEREL OFF MONHEGAN

Two Schools of 70 and 20 Barrels Taken Off There Monday Night.

Schs. Speculator and Benj. A. Smith Get Small Hauls at the Rips.

Two more hauls of large mackerel have been taken down off Monhegan, and two hauls of small mackerel were made on the Rips Monday. The news is encouraging and helps to keep up hope that there is still better news to come in the mackerel line.

The little sch. Kate and Nellie, Capt. Brackett, arrived at Portland Tuesday with 70 barrels of large fresh mackerel, and sloop Pantooset also put in there at the same time with 20 barrels of the same kind of fish. The schools were taken Monday night off Monhegan, and the fish brought a fine price.

Capt. Brackett reports a good body of fish there, but very wild and hard to catch, also that it has been foggy there for the past two days, which prevented many of the boats in that vicinity from fishing.

Evidently there are still some mackerel left in Ipswich bay, for the little gasoliner Bessie A. secured a small school of 350 fish yesterday afternoon and brought them in here this morning.

A telegram to Hugh Parkhurst & Co, yesterday afternoon from Capt. Rufus, McKay of sch. Speculator, which was harbored yesterday at Nantucket, asked regarding the prospects down east, and added that he took 15 barrels small mackerel off there Monday night, and that sch. Benjamin A. Smith, Capt. Solomon Jacobs, took 20 barrels at the same time.

Sch. Nellie Dixon, which sailed from here yesterday, has gone down east.

The spurt in mackerel catching in the past few days has given great pleasure to the T wharf dealers, who find it easier to sell their more common fish when there are fancy fish on the market. The taking of 100 barrels of large mackerel off Monhegan island a few days ago seemed to clear up the fish in that vicinity, but there was a surprise in store for the dealers yesterday morning, and when they reached their places of business they learned that another big seining had been made in about the same place, and a catch of 60 barrels made. Of these the Boston market has received 46 barrels.

Mackerel continue to come in smaller quantities from other places, and yesterday morning the Boston dealers received two barrels of mackerel from Cape Cod, five barrels from Yarmouth and 17 barrels from other places. How long the erratic supply will keep up is a question that dealers would like to be able to answer.

The presence of mackerel brings to the market also a number of mackerel sharks. These are of a different appearance from the ordinary shark, and have a deep blue back shading off to a bright light blue, downward to the clear, white belly. The fish sell, and there is a demand for them that is growing so that the fishermen who bring them in with other fish have no difficulty in disposing of them.

#### Portland Fish Notes.

Two small trips of mackerel were landed at Portland Tuesday, sch. Kate and Nellie bringing in 70 barrels and sloop Pantooset about 20 barrels, all large fish taken off Monhegan Monday night. The skippers report seeing several large schools of mackerel in the vicinity, where they made the catch, but the fish were very wild.

Tuesday the sloop Island Gem landed 400 pounds of mackerel on Commercial wharf for the dealers there. The fish were taken Monday in a drag net off Halfway rock and were rapidly sold in the local market yesterday at a good price.

The United States fish commission steamer Gannet arrived at Portland Tuesday with 200 seed lobsters, and after going along the coast for the purpose of collecting 300 more, she will proceed to the United States government hatchery at Boothbay harbor, where the seeds will be propagated.

Tuesday the smack Blanche and Ida came in with a trip of 2400 lobsters for the local market.

Sch. Jennie H. Gilbert, with 7000 pounds of fresh fish and one swordfish was also at Portland Tuesday.

The fishing steamer Pet came in Tuesday from Portsmouth, where she landed 80 barrels of bluebacks, and sailed Wednesday morning for Monhegan in search of mackerel.

#### Nova Scotia Fish Movements.

Digby—Cod, haddock and hake, fair; herring scarce.

Port La Tour—Herring fair; boats not returned.

Sand Point—Herring plenty; cod scarce.

Liverpool—Cod plenty; haddock, halibut, herring and mackerel fair; 8000 mackerel shipped Monday.

Lunenburg—Herring fair; six bankers arrived with an average of 1500 quintals.

Musquodoboit—Cod and haddock fair; herring scarce.

Spry Bay—Herring fair; cod scarce.

Salmon River—Cod and herring fair.

Whitehead—Herring fair; cod scarce.

West Arichat—Cod and herring fair.

Port Hood—Haddock, hake and herring fair.

Cheticamp—Cod and haddock fair; hake scarce.

Alberton—Cod, hake and herring fair.

Bonaventure—Cod very plenty.

Port Daniels—Cod fair.

Gascons—Cod and herring fair.

Newport Point—Cod and herring fair.

Grand Pabos—Cod fair; herring scarce.

St. Adelaide de Pabos—Cod fair; herring scarce.

Cape Cove—Cod and squid fair.

Sandy Beach—Launce plenty; cod scarce.

Perce—Cod fair; squid scarce.

Douglstown—Cod fair.

#### More Good Stocks.

Sch. Conqueror, Capt. Robertson Giffin, stocked \$4018 as the result of her recent salt shack cod trip to the eastward, the crew sharing \$92 clear.

Sch. Frances P. Mesquita, Capt. Joseph P. Mesquita, stocked \$2100 on her recent eastern salt shack cod trip, the crew sharing \$69 clear.

Sch. Romance, Capt. William Corkum, stocked \$3101 on her recent eastern salt and fresh cod trip, the crew sharing \$78.

Sch. Georgianna, Capt. Moulesong, stocked \$1610 on her fare of market fish at T wharf, Boston, yesterday.

Sch. Lucania, Capt. Martin L. Welch, stocked \$1550 on her recent fresh fish trip to Georges, the crew sharing \$33.

#### The Salt Bank Fleet.

Capt. Thomas Benham of the dory handliner sch. Maxime Elliott, which arrived at this port yesterday, reports leaving schs. Elmer E. Gray and Annie M. Parker on the rough bottom of Quero Bank a week ago Sunday. Both vessels wanted about 150 tubs of fish to complete their trips and would be almost finished up by this time if the fishing held out. Capt. Benham also reports that schs. Aloha, Tattler, Olga and Smuggler had gone to the eastward, and he presumed they had gone to the Virgin Rocks.

#### Fishing Fleet Movements.

Sch. Arkona was at Liverpool, N. S., on Monday and cleared for the fishing ground.

Sch. Tacoma arrived at Canso, N. S., on Monday.

Schs. Rob Roy and Mildred V. Nuna cleared from Canso, N. S., Monday.

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#### Lunenburg, N. F., Fish Arrivals.

Sept. 13—Arrived, sch. Wantaga, from the banks, 1600 qtls. cod; sch. Palatia, Banks, 1700 qtls. cod; sch. James A. McLean, Banks, 1000 qtls. fish; sch. Nahadah, Banks.

## HADDOCK ONLY BROUGHT \$1 TO \$2

No Demand For Fresh Fish at Boston This Morning.

The price of fish or amount received at T wharf is not making a very loud noise this morning. Haddock opened at from \$1 to \$2 and a few large cod brought \$2.50, but the bulk of this species will come to Gloucester to split. The market is dull and the firms well stocked up.

Several of the market boats have from six to 11 swordfish each and these will help out their stocks.

The arrivals number 13, sch. Mary DeCosta having 80,000 pounds, the largest trip in and sch. Mary E. Cooney has 75,000 pounds. The other fares run from 12,000 to 40,000 pounds.

The ground fishermen who have kept the pulpits on their bowsprits and keep a lookout for swordfish have done well so far, and by the end of the season the money received for the fish they will have taken will make a handsome addition to the sums they have received for their regular fishing. Some of the schooners have brought in nearly as many swordfish with their regular catches of haddock and other ground fish as many of the fishermen who have sought for swordfish alone.

Capt. Pennington of the swordfisherman Motor was one of those who held over. He could have sold his 35 fish the first of the week, but preferred to wait for a rise in the price, which seemed certain to come. He made by it, as the price went up a cent a pound. This is small in itself, but when one counts the advance on a fish weighing from 250 to 350 pounds, it soon runs up into dollars.

N. D. Freeman, who went out to the Pacific coast and Alaska as the representative of the New England fresh fish company, has returned to Boston. Mr. Freeman spent several months at the cold storage and freezing establishments of the company, hastening on the new buildings, and seeing that the plans were carried out to the letter. The company now ships its halibut and salmon east on the same day they are received, and is in a position to freeze any surplus that may be brought to their establishments.

The receipts this morning are as follows:

#### Boston Arrivals.

Sch. Richard, 18,000 haddock, 17,000 cod, 10,000 pollock.

Sch. Joseph P. Johnson, 4000 haddock, 8000 cod, 3000 hake, 12,000 pollock.

Sch. Mary E. Cooney, 25,000 haddock, 50,000 cod, 11 swordfish.

Sch. Regina, 40,000 haddock, 3000 cod, 10,000 hake.

Sch. Olivia Sears, 1500 pollock.

Sch. Mary DeCosta, 20,000 haddock, 50,000 cod, 10,000 pollock, 11 swordfish.

Sch. Ida S. Brooks, 20,000 haddock, 20,000 cod, 6 swordfish.

Sch. Mary E. Silveria, 5000 haddock, 13,000 cod, 3000 hake, 5000 pollock.

Steamer Spray, 32,000 haddock, 1300 cod, 1300 hake.

Sch. Alice, 22,000 haddock, 14,000 cod, 5000 hake.

Sch. Louise C. Cabral, 7000 haddock, 15,000 cod, 15,000 pollock.

Sch. Leo, 6000 haddock, 2000 cod, 4000 hake.

Sch. Sylvia M. Numan, 8000 haddock, 300 cod, 8000 hake, 2000 pollock.

Haddock, \$1 to \$2 per cwt.; large cod, \$2.50; market cod, \$3; hake, \$1 to \$1.50; pollock, 75 cts. to \$1; swordfish, 13 1-2 to 14 cts. per lb.

#### Harbor Notes.

Sch. Mary A. Gleason and Grace Otis are on the Rocky Neck railways.



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# ONE SHACKER, ONE GASOLINER.

## Make the Fishing Arrivals at This Port Today.

Pretty light in number at least are the arrivals here this morning, although a few more expected ones may drop in before night. One eastern cod shacker and a gasoliner with a few mackerel is the whole story up to noon.

The shacker was the Boston sch. Manhasset, Capt. William Harding, from Quero Bank, with a fine trip of 40,000 pounds of salt cod and 120,000 pounds of fresh cod. Capt. Harding reports good fishing but did not find squid enough on the bank to run all of his trawls. He got his ice at Canso and has made a very quick trip, having been gone but four weeks.

The steamer Bessie A., has 350 small fresh mackerel which she seized yesterday afternoon in Ipswich bay.

The arrivals and receipts in detail are:

### Today's Receipts.

Sch. Manhasset, Quero Bank, 40,000 lbs. salt cod, 120,000 lbs. fresh cod.  
Str. Bessie A., Ipswich Bay, 350 small fresh mackerel.  
Sch. Emily Sears, via Boston.

### Vessels Sailed.

Sch. Angie B. Watson, haddocking.  
Sch. Appomattox, Rips.  
Sch. Rita A. Viator, shore.  
Sch. Pauline, Rips.  
Sch. Mattie A. Winship, Georges.  
Sch. M. Madeleine, shore.  
Sch. Catherine D. Enos, shore.  
Sch. Mettacommet, shore.  
Sch. Ellen C. Burke, haddocking.  
Sch. Lucania, haddocking.  
Sch. Saladin, Rips.

### Today's Fish Market.

Cape North salt cod, large, \$3; mediums, \$2.75.  
Outside sales fresh western cod, large, \$2; market, \$1.65; haddock, 65c and 67½c.  
Outside sales fresh eastern cod, large, \$1.70; mediums, \$1.50.  
Outside sales salt Rips cod, \$3.60 per cwt. for large and \$3.25 for mediums.  
Salt dory handline codfish, large, \$3.25; mediums, \$3.  
Outside sales of round pollock, 60c per cwt.  
Banks halibut, 11 cts. per lb. for white and 8 cts for gray.  
Filtched halibut, 8 1-4 cts. per lb.  
Salt bullseyes, \$9.50 per bbl.  
Salt large mackerel, late caught, rimmed, \$30 per bbl.  
Salt small mackerel, \$20 per bbl.  
Small fresh mackerel, 9c each.  
Board of Trade prices:  
Large drift Georges cod, \$3.60 per cwt.; medium cod, \$3.25.  
Large halibut cod, \$3 per cwt.; medium cod, \$2.75; snappers, \$1.50.  
Trawl salt Georges cod, large, \$3.50; mediums, \$3.  
Large salt handline Georges cod, large \$3.75, medium \$3.25.  
Dory handline salt cod, large, \$3.25; medium, \$3.  
Eastern drift salt cod, large \$3.37½ per cwt., medium \$3.  
Trawl bank cod, large, \$3 per cwt.; medium, \$2.75; snappers, \$1.50.  
Salt cusk, large, \$2.50 per cwt.; medium, \$2; snappers, \$1.  
Salt pollock, \$1 per cwt.; salt haddock, \$1; salt hake, \$1.  
Splitting prices for fresh fish, Western cod, large, \$2 per cwt.; medium do., \$1.65; Eastern cod, large, \$1.70; medium cod, \$1.50; cusk, \$1.65 for large, \$1.20 for medium, and 50c for snappers; haddock, 65 cts.; hake, 70 cts.; pollock, 60 cts.

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# MACKEREL SCHOOLS STILL HANGING AROUND MONHEGAN

Fog, However, Is  
Bothering the Fisher-  
men in Locating Them.

Recent Catches There  
Were Made in Purse  
Seines in Deep Water.

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The mackerel are still hanging around Monhegan, but the foggy weather prevailing there is bothering the fishermen greatly, and they are hoping that with clearing weather all will make hauls.

A telephone message from Boothbay Harbor, Me., to Portland, announces the arrival at the former port yesterday afternoon of the steamer Elthier from off Monhegan, with 20 barrels of large fresh mackerel. The captain of the Elthier reports the weather still foggy off there.

A letter to the Times from its Portland correspondent this morning says that all the hauls off Monhegan have been made with regular mackerel purse seines, and had a fleet of Gloucester seiners been there Monday they would have taken a lot of fish.

Sch. Little Fannie of this port arrived at Portland yesterday afternoon with 400 fresh small mackerel taken off Portland. The fish went three-quarters of a pound each.

A letter to Capt. Charles H. Harty of sch. Oriole of this port this morning from a friend in Portland who keeps in close touch with the mackerel situation down that way says that there is no question, but what there is a good body of large mackerel off Monhegan and a fair body of small fish along shore. The fish are not caught in drag seines but in purse seines of from 165 to 180 fathoms long and 750 meshes deep, and the fish came in from broad off, as they did four or five years ago, when there was good doings on Grand Menan bank in late September. He considered there was a fine chance for a good trip of fish.

A letter from one of the crew of sch. George Parker of this port which went down on the Maine coast a few days ago, reports that they have already seen mackerel schooling, but that the fish were wild.

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# SWORDFISH SEASON CLOSING.

Most of the Fleet  
Returned to Cod and  
Haddock Fishery.

Graphic Description  
of How the Fighting  
Fish Are Captured.

The swordfish season is on the wane and six weeks, so fishermen today declare, will see practically all the schooners and sloops, most of them equipped with auxiliary engines once more angling for the good old "stand-bys"—haddock, cod and hake. Already several vessels have hauled off and are fitting out for haddocking, while others are going to have one more try for swordfish in the Bay of Fundy, whence they will work down the coast in pursuit of their toothsome but formidable prey.

Life on a swordfisherman often means days of dismal monotony while the little craft rocks and pitches on the long rollers which surge by out of the nothingness of fog. At these times the crew put their time handline fishing from the vessel's rail, mending gear or playing cards, while the men on watch strain eyes and ears into the dirty gray smother, listening and looking for some blundering liner or big white coaster racing to her destination with her precious freight, in spite of the thick weather.

At intervals the schooner's fog horn, a small tin affair, enclosed in a box and worked by foot or hand power, toots dimly into the gloom, and after each series of blast there is an involuntary listening for some answering call, which may blare forth all too close for comfort.

But that is not getting any swordfish.

Let us rather watch the work on a clear July day, with a sparkling sea and a spanking breeze, when the schooner skims along with a bone in her teeth and the lookout in the crow's-nest perched far to leeward of the vessel's center by the slant of her graceful foremast.

Suddenly the keen eye of the lookout spies a commotion far out across the water, where a school of menhaden informs him that swordfish are feeding. See! There they are, thrashing around in and out of the serried ranks of the school.

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## The Powerful Swords Make Havoc Among the Smaller Fish,

as the mighty two-edged blades, flashing here and there, soon fill the water with fishy fragments, which are devoured at leisure by the huge warriors of the deep.

Intent upon their feeding, the voracious creatures are oblivious of the approaching vessel ready to attack them with a keener blade than even they possess.

In the meantime a hail from the man aloft had acquainted every one on board with the close proximity of the quarry, and instantly the little vessel's deck becomes a scene of hurried action.

In no time the dories are ready for the falls, and the doughty skipper is sitting in the pulpit, as the stand on the forward end of the bowsprit is called, where the man who handles the lance takes up his position.

The duty of the tyrant of the vessel, the cook, on such occasions is to stand in the waist of the schooner and at the captain's command toss over the buoys to which the iron head of the lance is attached by a stout line wound tightly about the buoy, many fathoms in length. Enough line is left free, however, to give the captain's arm free play.

The preliminary sputter and crash of the vessel's 16-horsepower auxiliary, which had been started to speed the schooner toward her prey, has by this time settled down to a steady purring "put-put," and every second sees the space decreasing between the vessel and the big fish which are still dealing out smashing, tearing blows among their finny victims.

Then suddenly directly over one of the monsters

## Appears the Omnicious Shadow of the Big Bowsprit,

and like lightning from a clear sky the lance, hurled by the skipper's arm of practised brawn, transfixes him behind the gills.

Away he goes with the speed of a railway train, while the buoy is tossed overboard by the alert cook and goes squattering over the waves, the rapidly uncoiling line causing it to rotate with protesting swirls in the opposite direction.

The fleeing captive's speed is soon retarded by the buoy which is followed from afar by one of the dories, whose occupant strains at his oars in an effort to catch up to the bobbing bit of white and red which marks the game.

In the meantime the skipper has calmly fitted another iron to his tough 17-foot lance and waits alertly for another target.

An old man, yet lithe, erect and active as a cat, he stands motionless. His left hand rests negligently on the metal pulpit rail, while the other holds that potent lance poised, ready for the attack.

Then, with the speed of sight, the sturdy left hand joins the mate in an iron grasp of the lance ferrule and a mighty two-handed thrust hurls the heavy weapon straight down into the limpid green water just ahead of the vessel's bow. Another flitting blue-gray shadow feels the bite of the iron while the skipper nonchalantly jerks the lance from the socket and fits another iron. So the work goes on.

Almost as soon as the dart struck home another dory went over in pursuit of the buoy which was merrily bobbing around, almost stationary, except that the line was unwinding at a marvelous rate, causing it to rotate like the bobbin on a fast-working sewing machine. The captive monster, instead of making for the horizon, was sounding.

By this time the man in the dory had reached the buoy and dropping the oars, began frantically to haul in the line, which had suddenly slackened.

## A Yell From the Schooner's Deck Ap- prised Him of Danger,

and he turned just in time to see the big fish almost on the surface, and rushing for the boat in a churn of foam. Before he could move the powerful sword came crashing through the stern of the dory, and shooting up diagonally tore the surprised fisherman's oilskin trousers from bottom to waist.

With a startled yell the unfortunate angler sprang to the other end of the dory, to be out of harm's way, meantime, however, holding on manfully to his line, which again scorched through his calloused fingers as his assailant retired to gather momentum for another charge.

But the captive, like many an unfortunate creditor, left his bill as a reminder of his first visit. Protruding darkly through the bottom of the tiny craft, it gave eloquent testimony to the strength that had forced it, like a steel ram, through nearly two inches of good Maine pine, and on up through a similar thickness in the stern board.

Minus his powerful weapon, the swordfish was unable to do further damage, although he once more made a savage attack on the dory with his splintered muzzle. A quick thrust of